NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Rockingham Horse and Colt Show Association's Prize List.

QUORUM IS NOW IN VIRGINIA

Sale of Banks Holt-Fatherless Two-Year-Olds-Bobbie Kean.

The prize list of the Rockingham Horse and Colt Show Association, for years past a fixed event annually, at Harrison-Va., has been issued, and shows that close to \$3,000 will be distributed in premiums in the classes for thorough saddle and harness horses. The dates are August 14th, 15th and 16th, and in conjunction with the horse show a programme is to be run off; and will likely prove an added feature of the attractive sort to many patrons. Dr John A. Myers, the veteran secretary association, will direct affairs, as years past. Harrisonburg is in the of a rich grazing district, and the breeding interest has assumed such proportions that the place is now regarded as a horse market, ranking far ahead of most other sections of Virginia, and of this industry the horse show is a valuable adjunct. In addition to Dr. Myers, the other officers of the association are J. Samuel Harnsberger, president, Vice-presidents—W. S. Southall, first; Dr. J. F. Wright, second; F. A. Heatwolf, third; Dr. W. E. Fahrney, fourth Directors—J. Samuel Harnsberger, Major George Chrisman, W. S. Southall, M. M. Jarman, H. G. Herring, John I. Harnsberger, W. H. Rickard, E. W. Carpenter, P. L. Yates, O. B. Brock, B. F. Garber, John F. Lewis.

The special programme:

Tirst day, Tuesday, August 14th.—Class 66. Purse, \$500. Free for all, trot and pace, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Second day, Wednesday, August 18th.—Class 67. Purse, \$130. Trot and pace, 2:39 class, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Class 65. Purse, \$300. Running, open to all, mile heats, best 3 in 3.

Third day, Thursday, August 18th—Class, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Class 51. Purse, \$300. Running, open to all, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Class 51. Purse, \$300. Running race, for three-year-olds and over, half-mile heats, best 2 in 3.

Class 72. Purse, \$150. Hurdle race, one of most other sections of Virginia, and

three-year-olds and over, half-mile heatis, best 2 in 3.

Class 72. Purse, \$150. Hurdle race, one mile and a half, over five hurdles. Minimum weight to be carried, 130 pounds.

The Montezeuma Farm stable of trotters, shipped from this city to Norfolk in April, and where the first start was made there at the spring meeting there in May, has made a good showing this season for Otto Erskine, who does the training and driving. The little chestnut gelding in Estuary, by Expedition, 2:16 3-4, dam Wavelet, 2:24 1-2, by Belmont, is a better horse than when first taken to the races several seasons back, as the record of 2:19 1-4, made by him that

the races several seasons back, as the record of 2:19 1-4, made by him that year, his been reduced to 2:16 1-4 during the present one, and that he can shade the present one, and that he can shade it by a nice margin is well known. The similiary of Expedition raced as a small son of expedition raced as a small state on race and 426; Workmaid, four races and 426; Red River (8), where of five races and 426; Sand Finite ra

That a young horse of such rich breading and fine individuality as the three-year-old bay coit Quorum, thoroughbred son of Dr. Macbride and Quesal, should be placed in the stud in Virginia, will doubliess prove pleasing to breaders in this State, Concerning Quorum, I am in receipt of the following letter from the Messrs. Daingerfield, who recently shipped the son of Dr. Macbride from New York to C. H. Hurkamp, Hoscobel Farm, Fredericksburg, Va.

The bay colt Quorum has been sent to Virginia to be placed in the stud of Hoscobel Farm. He is by Dr. Macbride out of the great Quesal, by Himyot. "Qourum" is a stake winner, having won the Atlantic Stakes and other races. He



WILLIAM M. H. ANNON, JR., Owner of Norfolk State League Baseball Team

went wrong in his three-year-old form and could not race Quesalus, the dam of the great and lamented Tommy Atkins, who was one of the sensational stake winners of his two-year-old form, and was sent to England to run in the English Derby, but died shortly after arriving in England, She is also the dam of Maximo Gomes and Trumpet and a two-year-old, the property of William Lakewood, that looks like the best two-year-old of this year. "Qourum" is sixteen hands high and in stud condition, and will be a grand individual.

Mr. L. Briks Holt, of the Alamance

Mr. L. Banks Holt, of the Alamance Farm, Graham, N. C., has sold to W. E. Holt, Jr., Lexington, N. C., the four-year-old chestnut colt Banks Holt, by Grego-dian Manay J., days of Hulold chestnut colt Banks Holt, by Gregorian, 2:29 8-4, dam Maud L., dam of Hulman, 2:13 1-4; Ginter, 2:16 3-4; Giles Mebane, 2:16 3-4, pacing, and Mayo, 2:28 1-4, by Hannis, 2:17 1-4, second dam Maud L., dam of Whitby, 2:13 1-4, pacing, by Black Hawk Belipse. This colt has good looks and manners that render him pleasant to drive on the road, but later on, after limited stud duty, Mr. Holt will have his speed developed and he should learn to go fast.

Among Virginia-bred horses that have earned brackets at Brighton Beach are Bobble Kean, bay horse, by Flatlands, dam Llzzic M., by Eolus, winner of a handleap at 1 1-16 miles in 1:45 4-5; Flying Virginian, chestnut gelding, 7, by Terrific, dam Bessle, by John Bull, winner of the Currash Steeplechase, \$1,500 added, net value to winner, \$2,040, distance about two miles, time 4:31 2-5, and The Clown, bay colt, 3, by Fatherless, dam Ninone, by Bolus, who won at 1:1-16 miles, doing the distance in 1:48.

Mr. Frank E. Best, registrar of the

Mr. Frank E. Best, registrar of the American Trotting Register Association, was a visitor here recently, on route homeward from a trip to the Valley of Virginia. In addition to possessing a wide knowledge of pedigrees and being a compiler of marked ability. Mr. Best is an antiquarian and a member of the Virginia. Historical Society, whose record he made use of while in Richmond.

HROAD ROCK.

Dolly Madison as a Poet,
One of the most captivating personalities in American history is Dolly Madison. Few people know that she had
also poetic gifts of no mean order. Appleton's Magazine has uncarthed a son-

TO ANY BREWERY AS TO PURITY AGE QUALITY.

net she addressed to Lafayette. It is published in fac-simile from the orig-inal manuscript for the first time. It is signed "D. P. Madison" and dated Also 125, 1348. As dedicatory sonnets go, it is genuinely good poetry:

"Born, nurtured, wedded, prised within the pale of peers and princes high in camp-at court-

He hears in joyous youth a will Swelling the murmurs of the Of a young people struggling to be free!

free!
Straight quitting all, across the wave he files,
Alds with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprize,
And shares the glories of its victory.
Then comes for fifty years a high romance
of tolls, reverses, sufferings in the cause of man and justice, liberty and France,
Crowned, at the last, with hope and wide applause.
Champion of Freedom! well thy race was run!

was run! time shall hall thee, Europe

WORLD'S WINE CROP.

United States Stands Twelfth in

Consul A. Gaulin, of Havre, quotes the statement of the Faulis Vinicole de la Gironde that the world's wine crop in 1905 reached nearly 4,000,000,000 egalions, divided among the different countries approximately as follows:

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Mexico	Ę	BOHVIA	
	ţ	Mexico	425,973

A Fatal Defect, "I like Socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromathic meenanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday page," "Dul I don't want to give up my Sunday paper." Said the gitator: "I don't see how Socialism is going to affect your reading matter." Maybe it won't yours, "replied the victim of capital," but I've so: so notetomed to reading Baspoy Doings in Smarr Set: They Bump the Bumps in the Yandargoid Dining Hoom, and Mrs. Astorbilit's Gems: She Has Bhough to Fill a Wash Basin, and 'Life Histories of the Eighty Peeresses who ware Members of the Original Pioradora Sextette and ultimate this, that I dunno what I'd do if you was 19 remove the pampared of the Capital Capital

Wit and Humor.

Imported Jokes

Imported Jokes
(From England.)
London is chuckling at present over a really good 'birdge' story, which Charles Hawtrey is telling in "The Man From Blankneys." Here it is:
A family which is passionately devoted to bridge is plunged into mourning by the loss of the father. A discussion arisos as to whether the decoased would have chosen to be buried or cremated. The decision is left to the eldest son, who, looking at his mother, says: "I leave it to you," to which the lady replies: "I make it spades."

Mother (to Bolby, who doesn't want to go to bed)—But, dear, remember that the Httle chickens go to bed early. Bobby-Yes, but the old hen goes with thom.—Ally Sloper.

Land Owner-You didn't pay the rent of the field last month.

Secretary of the Football Club—No?

Well, I suppose you'll hold us to our

greement?

Land Owner—Agreement? What agreement do you mean?

Secretary of Football Club—Why, when



WANTED TO KNOW After I went West I opened

After several harren years, good catches of sardness are reported from Brittany. The dever Chicigo packers are at a loss to understand why there should ever have been a shortage.—Punch.

"Miss Vellitt! Miss Vellitt!" exclaimed the music teacher, in despair, to his shricking pupil. "Remember, you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are beging it to come—not daring it."— Tit-Bits.

A late Judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge, was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness. "Humbugged you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he, sternly. "Well, my lord," replied the woman, 'I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a cirl called your worship a handsome if a girl called your worship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—Tit

A London urchin riding a bloycle was knocked down by a hearse and came within an ace of being run over. Picking himself up, he glared at the driver of the hearse and cried sardonically: "Greedy!"—London Opinion.

Farmer Hayseed-My wife's learning the

ing?
Farmer Hayseed-Oh, yes; I'm learning to bear it!-Answers.

Yesterday a coat, " said to have been worn by Napoleon," fatched 25. This re-minds us of Mark Twain's relic hunter who possessed a hole which was once in a handkerchief which was owned by Charles Dickons.—London Evening News.

Employer—I understand, Brown, "that you would like to have the day to bury your brother.

Click—Yes, sir.

Employer—Aren't you good friends, then?

then?
Clerk-Who, sir?
Employer-You and your firother.
Clerk-Oh, yes, sir.
Employer-Then why bury him? Think
it over, Brown, think it over, my lad.

A society which disseminates moral literature sent a railway manager a bundle of free tracts to place in the waiting rooms. One of the tracts was entitled, "A Route to New Jerusalem." The Disappointed Huckster, Miss May Sutton, the tennis champion, was talking one day in Boston about an early defeat, says The Boston Heriletter the society received in roply declined the tracts on the ground that "We

She—It's love, Jimmy, that makes the world go 'round. He—Love? Nonsense; it's whiskey.—Ally Sloper.

Mr. Monk—What are you so miserable about, old chap?
The Giraffe—My best girl pinned a rose in my buttonhole and I'm so high up I can't smell it.—Ally Sloper.

She—He is an awfully elever man, I think; he seems to know everything.

He—Yes, that's where George's eleverness comes in!

She—Why, what do you mean?

He—He seems to know everything,—Tit-Bits.

Something went wrong in a north-country manufactory last week and the explosion which followed was so violent that

The Speedy Meter.

B-r-r-r went the office telephone, and the gas company's manager took down the receiver, says The Detroit News-Tribune.

"Hello!" said a gruff voice, "is that the gas company I am talking to?"
"Yes. What is it?" asked the man of gas. gas.
"Well, I wanted to know when the

entries for the races must be in:"
"We don't know anything about races.
This is the gas company."
"Just so, but I thought you could tell

me."
"But why do you ask us? What do you want to know for?"
"Oh, nothing in particular, Only I've got one of your meters here that I would like to enter, that's all."
Without a word the gra manager hung up the receiver with an angry slam.

Remorse.

"Remorse," said Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, "is an excellent thing when deep

onough.

"The trouble with most wrong-doers, when remores overtakes them; is that the emotion is feeble and shallow.

"The average type of remorse was that of a plekpooket who sent last year this note to a man whom he had robbed of \$100.



morse gnaws my conscience, and I return herewith \$1.50."

Spiritual Need.

Spiritual Need.

George O'Donnell, actor, tells the following story of his four-year old niece, whose mother is the wife of a clergyman, says Harper's Weekly:

One night Edith wasn't feeling very well, and so was put to bed rather early. As her mother was about to leave her, she called her back:

"Mamma, I want to see pap."

"No, dear," her mother replied; "your father is busy and must not be disturbed,"

turbed,"
"But, mamma," the child persisted, "I want to see him."

As before, the mother replied: "No, your father must not be disturbed."
"Mamma," declared her daughter, solemnly, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

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A FINE TABLE BEER.

A Turf Item.

Dr. Leonard Pearson, Philadelphia's famous voterinary surgeon, told at a dinner in Philadelphia a horse story, "A farmer," he said, "wrote to the editor of the 'Farmer's Friend' this letters."

editor of the Farmer's Friend this letter:

"Mr. Editor: Sir.—I have a horse that has been afflicted for the past year with periodical fits of dissiness. Please answer through your valuable paper, and let me know what I should do with him, as he seems to get worse instead of better. I am afraid he will be unfit for work it something is not done soon."
"The editor replied in the next issue as follows:

"Our honest advice, based on a careful perusal of that excellent work, "Every Man His Own Horse Doctor," would be to take this horse some time when he is not dizzy, and sell him to a stranger."—Minneapolis Journal.

Mental Limitations.

"Your Honor," said the arrested chauffeur. "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."
"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner.

prisoner.
"Gee!" he said, "that's one on me, never thought of that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the Summertime. (Scene-A. Country Fair.)
Fancy Cheese Maker-This weathterrible for exhibiting cheeses.



Servant Girl-Please tell your wife that I will leave today week. Henpook-Tiow I envy you your right to give warning!

Why, they're actually walking about.
Second Fancy Cheese Maker—Don't speak of it. Why, my best cheese went up to the judger's stand yesterday to have a look at the medal that had been award-

A Good Error.

"Typographical errors," said william Dean Howells, the famous novellst, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martina Ferry, I once made a good typographical error.

error.
"My father had written;
"The showers last week, though
coplous, were not sufficient for the millmen."

Too Lively for the Scot.

He was a solemn Scotchman, with an equally solemn and somewhat downtredden wife. The fact that they were re-

said, "and that made my disappointment all the greater when I falled."

She smiled.

"I was as disappointed," she said, "as a huckster who used to live in Los Angeles.

"This huckster, coming out of a patron's house one day, saw a little bry feeding apples to his horse. Pleased to see the animal getting an excellent med at no cost to himself, the man patted the boy on the head, and said:

"That's right; always be good to animals. And where did you buy those pretty apples?"

"I didn't buy them," the boy answered. I took them out of your wagon."

A Turf Item.

Good Taste.

Its bite may lead to marriage. But I can tell you this—



A CALL DOWN

That I don't blame a microbe
For lurking in a kiss.
—Houston Post.

To Button Her Waist Behind. The stood at the glass and she tried with ner might

The movements she went through were

The movements she went through were surely a sight—
To button
Her waist
Bohind.
She would reach and she'd tug, she would eigh and she'd groan,
And after each effort she'd let out a moan.
She twisted and squirmed till she strained avery bone.

She twisted and squirmed till she strained every bone,
To button
Her Waist
Behind.
She would take a long breath and then stand on her toes,
To outton
Her waist
Behind;
She strained at the risk of ripping her clothes,

She strained at the clothes,

To button

Her waist
Eshind;
She had a contertionist beaten a mile,
She would bend like a jacknife, them
straighten awhile,
And wonder why nightmares like that
were in style—

The waists
That button
Behind.

Beauting and in wildest de-

For an hour she labored in wildest de-epair

To button Her waist Behind.

Her face became red and all loosened har hair To button Her waist Behind.

Behind.

She wept, and the tears splashed down in her lap.

While for life and he pleasures she cared not a rap.

When she went to the office a hideous gas.

Was there

In her waist

Behind.

-New Orleans Pleasures